

Carmen Triumphale:  
OR,  
ENGLANDS  
TRIUMPH  
FOR  
Her Restored LIBERTIE.

WITH  
WHITE-HALLS SPEECH to her

Royal Master, CHARLES the Second KING of Great  
BRITAIN, FRANCE and IRELAND,

Also her sad Complaint against the pretended *Committee of Safety, Rumpers,*  
and the rest of those Cruel Tyrants, and unjust Judges, who not  
only defaced and spoiled Her Statelie Buildings, but  
also unjustly condemned her to be sold.

With two short *Panegyricks* to the Right Honourble the City of LON-  
DON, and the University of CAMBRIDGE.

----- *Nunquam LIBERTAS gravior extat*  
*Quam sub REGE pio.* -----

Claudianus.

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By WILLIAM SMITH, Gent.

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LONDON, Printed for W. Jones, 1860..

THE

RECORD

OF THE

RECORD



# Englands Triumph

F.O.R,  
Her Restored Liberties.

**T**Hough the resulgent and Illustrious *Light*  
Of this high *Theam* might blind my duller sight,  
Though the more serious more acute Essays

Of able Pens might be just *Remarks*  
To my attempts; this Long-expected Day  
Commands that I these graceful *lines* should pay.  
My active *Muse* this joyful *Time* inspires,  
And warms my *Soul* with more than usual fires.

But stay (my *Muse*) what beastly *Creature's* this  
This terrour-causing *Goblin*! Sure it is  
Not that three shapt *Cymona*, we are told,  
Of by the ancient *Poets*; For behold  
'Tis headless, wants both Body, Legs and Arms,  
Good Dr. *Fauslus* bring your strongest charmes,  
Your strongest, for your best will scarce prevail,  
(I doubt) to conjure this deformed *Tayl*;  
This *Tayl* compos'd of *Hastings* Charity,  
Of *Vains* Religion, *Martins* Chastity,  
Of *Nevills* Atheism, with those mighty pair  
Of *Horns* Lord *Monsfaucon* his Front doth wear,

Of *Tom Scotts* Secretary-ship and Lechery,  
 Of *Fleetwoods* Tears for his late *Excellency*,  
 Of *Whitlocks* Justice, of that *Mercy* that  
*Lisle* did extend to *Hewit*, when he sat  
*Grand Butcher* in *Nols Inquisition*, with  
 That *Fury*, (far worse than the *Publick Faith*)  
 The *Good Old Cause*. This long-liv'd *Rump* did dare  
 With an uncivil *Civil War* to tear  
 These Nations, and with damned *Votes* did make  
 The *State* to tremble and the *Church* to quake,  
 And did ben'ght us in a wilderneffe  
 Of frantick *Lights* and new-born *Heresies*.

At last All-seeing *Heaven* compassion took  
 And on sad *England* cast a milder look,  
 Then with a tongue that never spoke in vain  
 You may imagine she us'd such a strain:

*Monster* (more monstrous then what *Africk* breeds)  
 " Devouring *Hydra* with his many Heads,  
 " Far more prodigious then that ugly *Snake*  
 " *Alcides* slew in the *Lernaean Lake* !  
 " Be gone to duskie shades of silent Night  
 " No more no more the pure Celestial Light,  
 " Contaminate with your sulphurous breath  
 " Be gone to th'unfrequented shades of *Death* ;  
 " Upon the *Strygian Banks* a thousand yeares,  
 " (Possess'd with horror, care-insufing fears)  
 " Wander, avault *Fury* with many heads !  
 " Vanish ! 'tis all commanding Heaven that bids.

This said, these proud imperious *Bassars* streight;  
 (Whose all-ore-breaking Rage the solid weight  
 Of *Englands* Sacred *Rights* and Ancient *Laws*  
 Ne're could restrain) with their dissembling *Chuse*  
 And spurious brood of base dissembling *Jacks*,  
 Of *Jenizaries* and of *Sansacks*,  
 Were by a cleansing, purging Northern wind  
 Swept clear away, and nothing left behind.

Then did *Aurora* (from her *Rosie Bed*  
 Rising) her *Purple*, blushing *Mantle* spread

Ore our *Horizon*, then the *Day-Star* clear  
 Enlightned our long-shadowed *Hemisthere*;  
 And having shone a while resigns his *Ray*.  
 And re-enthrones our long desired *Day*.

But hold ! what pleasing *Musick's* this, I hear ?

O how it doth entice my ravish'd ear !

Oh how the Thundring *Drums* and *Trumpets* sound  
 whose heart rejoycing notes do not confound

My mind with dreadful *Taratantara's*;

No angry (yet well-rankt) *Batalia's*

Amaze my wondring eys ; what need I fear ?

These *Londons* peaceful *Militia* are.

This gallant *Body* to *Hide-Park* now goes,

*Hide-Park*, appointed for the *Rendevouz*,

Where *Englands* choicest \* *Heroes* grac'd the *Field*,

And in well practic'd hands their *Pikes* then held.

Imperial † *Vienna's* walls did nor,

See better *Hoise* or braver bands of *Foot*,

When *Charls* the *Fift* that famous *Army* drew,

\* Gainst the great *Solyman* and his numerous crew

Now roaring volleys, now loud shouts do tear;

With skies-ascending noise the Ambient *Ayre* :

With the shrill sound *Westminster Abbey* rings ;

The sacred *Reliques* of our ancient *Kings*

This thundring *Escho* now awakes ; yea then

Our third and greatest, *Edward* thought again.

Of (*breſceys* fearful field ; that prosperous *Fift*)

(That valiant *Heroe*) *Henry* then did lift

Up his blest head, wondring to hear a sound,

That would, the noise of *Agincourt* have drown'd.

An end draws nigh ; the time conducting *Sum*

His thrice auspicious glorious course hath run ;

Now doth the dark, encroaching *night* display.

Her sable curtains and excludes the *Day*,

Commanding all to leave th' adjacent *Plain*,

And joyfully home to retire again,

Where we will leave them till the next great *Day*,

With brisk *Lyons* washing cares away.

The  
 Right  
 Honour-  
 able the  
 Earl of  
*Winchal-*  
*sey* M.G.  
*Massey*,  
 and Ald.  
*Bunne*,  
 &c.  
 Trailed  
 Pikes  
 there  
*Turkish*  
*Hist.* of  
*Solyman*  
 the Mag.

*Aurora rising in the Purple East,*

The Humid Night, and Radiant Stars defac't,

When our great Senate do resolve to bring

Back and enthrone our lawful *Royal King,*

† Proclaiming that his Majesty shall Reign

Of Britain, France and Ireland Sovereign.

Now this long-wished joyful, joyful Day

Its heart rev'ving *Splendour* doth display

The Sacred beams of *Majesty* draw near,

And Loyal hearts with their bright Influence bear.

Now favouring Heaven doth her assistance lend

The flying Clouds commanding to descend

In dust-allaying drops, more precious than

That showre on *Danaë's* Lap *Jove* once did rain.

Wonder not *Meteors*, why these drops fall now,

Th'obsequious Clouds but their *Allegiance* show.

Englands brave Gentry should in rank stand here,

As they in Order did this *Day* appear,

I would, thrice noble *Cyly*, here relate

Thy *Regal Splendor* and unusual *State*,

If time and want of room did not restrain

My now to this one street confined Pen.

When *White-hall* knew his *Sacred Majesty*

Within th' enclosure of her Walls to be,

Raising her lofty Tower environed *Head*

Imagine thus (although scarce heard) she said,

Welcome (*Great Master*) *Royal Charles*, you are

Thrice welcome now; and you *Illustrious Pair*

Of *High-born Princes* welcome are, when I

Behold you all, O how I leap for Joy!

My *Turrets* all, would bow a willing head

To Kisse the ground whereon your feet do tread.

How long (*Great Sir*) have I been desolate,

Wanting the luster of a *Regal Beam*

Of a triumphant train and grand retinue

Attending alwaies on my *Prince's Court*

How long did *Earth* been *Widow* in my posses,

How long a *Sultan* and a *Sultana*!

How

† The description of this days Solemnity is omitted because it is not her place by a worthy and learned Pen.  
\* May 29

How long did *Red-Coats* in my Chambers sleep !  
 How long did me the *Safe Committee* keep,  
 Alas ! I was condemned to be sold,  
 And to be turned into good, red *Gold* ;  
 For the all-searching *Rumps* an art did know  
 (Which the best *Chymist* never yet could doe)  
 To *Metamorphise* houses [*Parkes and all*]  
 Into their pockets and to make them fall.

But this *Day* clears all doubts : for this blest *Day*.  
 Men, Women, Children, utmost joy display :  
 Yea I believe that harmless *Infants* are  
 Drunk with conceit of joy. Long may you here  
 Live, and with a peace-giving hand restore  
 That splendour to me, which I had before !

She said : when loud triumphant *valleys* tear,  
 With thundring *Ecchoes* the transparent Ayre,  
 The smoke of roaring *Canons* banish *Light*,  
 And flaming *Bonfires* do begin the *Night*.

To the City of L O N D O N, &c.

Pardon Illustrious City if I say  
 'Twas thou, which caused this their happy *Day*,  
 If thy life giving hand had not assay'd  
 To lend a never-discontinued aid  
 To this desired *change*, this rising *Light*  
 Had scarce dispel'd our long-tempestuous *Night*  
 How high (*great City!*) did thy glory rise  
 When valiant *Walworth's* hand did sacrifice  
 Those two pernicious \* *Rebells* and their *Cause*  
 To Englands just (by them infringed) *Laws* :  
 Thy long-unequal'd deeds Eclipsed lie,  
 (*Walworth!*) now *Londons* worthies clear our vie  
 Thy fame ; thou sav'd the *King* and *State* (tis true)  
 But London gives a *King* to England now.

Londons best *Patriots* your immortal Fame,  
 Your glorious acts and never dying Name  
 Shall live, whilst *Londons* *Bridge* to th' sea gives *Laws*.  
 And *Neptunus* time-observing *Surges* aw.

Jack  
 Straw and  
 his  
 Tyler.

Whilst

Whilst through reed-bearing Banks *Thames* gently slides  
 And in a *series* of *Meanders* glides  
 Towards *Thetis* kinder bosom ; whilst his Rays  
 All-seeing *Phabus* at his rise displays  
 On the once far renowned *Fructure* of  
 Old *Paul* (its now become our greatest *scoffe*)  
 With grateful hands succeeding times shall rear  
 Up fame-preserving *Statues* to declare,  
 (If these our present times ingrateful prove)  
 To your immortal Names their ardent *Love*.

To the University of Cambridge, &c.

Now *Alma Mater* from the ashes raise  
 Thy head, adorned with *Apollos* Bays ;  
 From thy *Syderial Face* wipe of those tears  
 Which furrowed have thy cheekes these twice ten years  
 Thy discomposed, long unordered *Haire*  
 And dangling locks dresse as some time they were.  
 Thy *Nectar*-yielding *Cup* shall now overflow,  
 And to it shall the *Cornu-copia* how ;  
 Thy night dispelling *Sun* shall further shine.  
 Then the cold *Arcticke* or *Antarctick* Line ;  
 By armed *Rage* and *Ignorance* no more  
 Shall thy best *Sons* from thy kind breast be tore.

*Clare* Now, O thrice noble *House*, thy sacred wood

*Hall*. And polishd stones (once taken to make good

Defensive *Rampers*) great *Apollo* shall

With his well-run'd, melodious *Harp* recall,

*Amphion* like, and make them to repair

The rising walls of thy intended square